

the Student's Pen



Summer
'64



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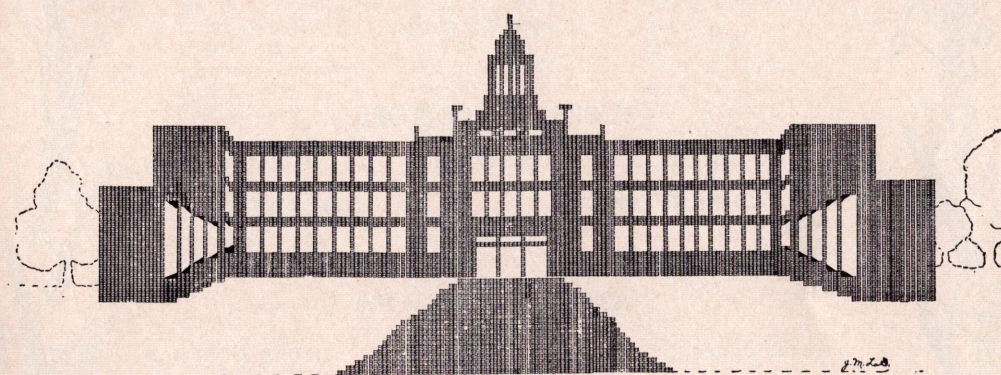
The Student's Pen

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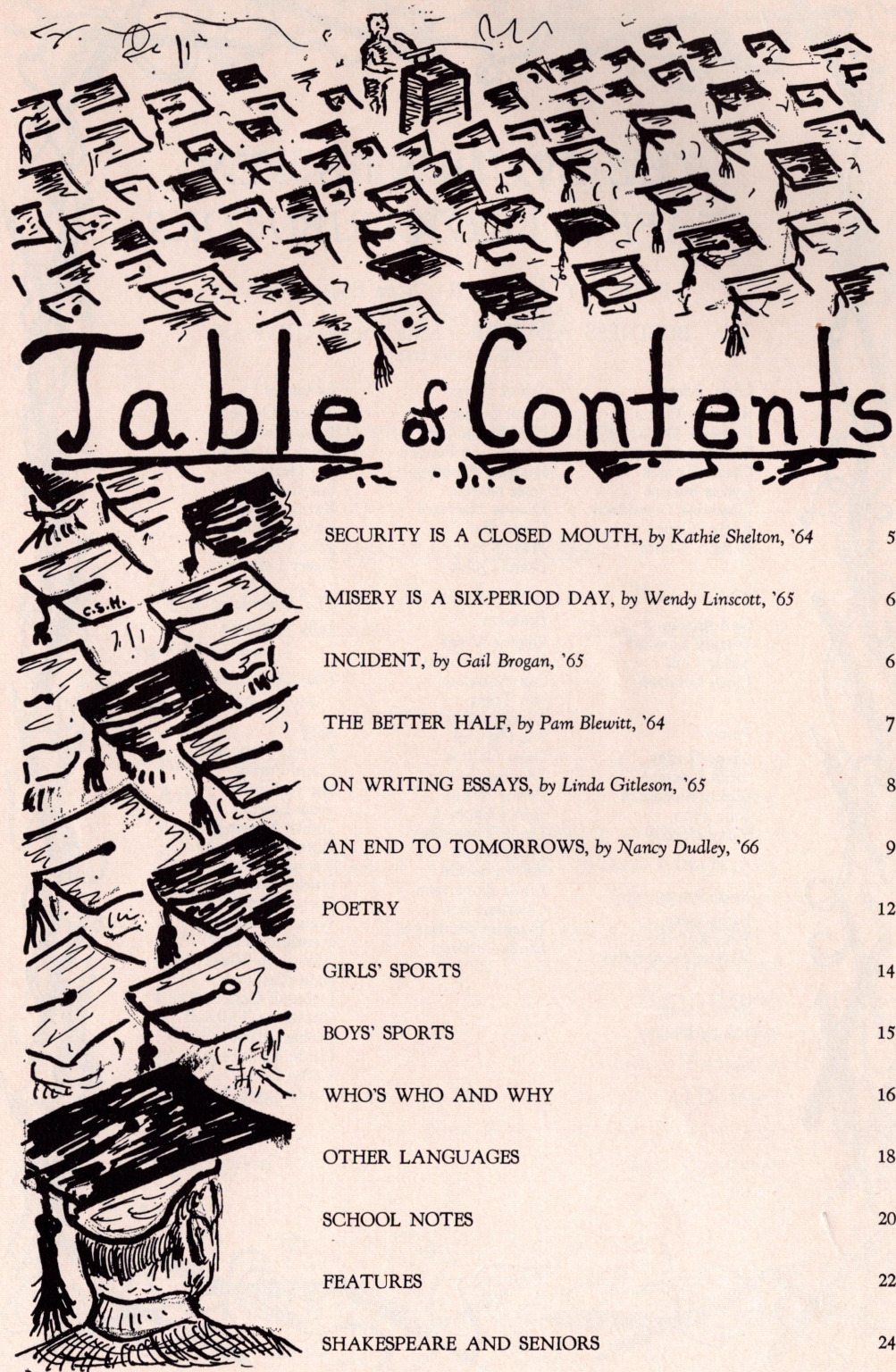
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EDITORIAL

Security Is A Closed Mouth

By Kathie Shelton, '64

TOO many teenagers are middle-aged. Their clothing and their outward physical appearance do not merit this title; their off-beat jargon and their taste in music and heroes cannot be so classified. But one key feature of their make-up is blatantly middle-aged: a desire for security.

Middle-age comes fully equipped with thinning hair, a paunch and a need for security. On a forty-year-old it is not incongruous, but this same need does not, and should not, fit the youth who are, supposedly, the movers and shakers of the world.

When considered as a time of life, "youth" presents a picture of tranquillity and sunshine; however, the epithet "the youth" presents an image filled with swagger, gusto, and rebellion. If the youth is not willing or eager to jostle the social order, who is?

The youth is a fighter for a cause with a thousand opinions on a thousand topics. Institutions anger him; established social custom makes him scream. He wants to move, to grow, to improve, and to make his world better than the one that presses in on him from all sides. He is alone, for he cannot be tempered by others. The twenty-seven-year-old looks back at him with a sympathetic pity, but he cannot stand and contemplate too long for he has his place to make in the world. The forty-year-old does not look back, he looks down. He is established, and the social framework that the youth is shaking is that on which his life is based. Those observers past forty see the youth as a wild-eyed radical, a destroyer. The youth is important

for, if no one rattled the bars, once in a while, there would never be any improvement. Complacency develops easily in a static environment. The ideas that the youth upholds might be strange and quite trivial, but the important feature is that he *does* stand for something. When youth forgets its "duty" to question, to prod, and to investigate, it fails to stir the few souls who might have listened. The majority of the present-day youth are a phlegmatic group whose lives focus on clothes and cars. Serious discussions are few, their mental outlook is narrow, and opinion is a dirty word. These are the people who worry about running out of conversation.

Adolescence should be a time of mental awakening to a world beyond the town where you grew up. National affairs, politics, these seem foreign, but they are essential. Ask a teenager his opinion of a world event and the reply will pattern "Who d'ya think I am? Chet Huntley?"

The blank and silent stare is our youth's answer to serious questioning. They not only do not know, they do not care. Thinking upsets their calm world and leads to introspection which can be quite dangerous and disgusting. Thinking and speaking of subjects beyond the prom, the price of hair spray and the '64 Sting ray tend to alienate friends who still live by the code of security. To avoid struggle, it is easiest to close your eyes to controversial subjects. So who's Bobby Baker?

ESSAYS

Misery Is A Six-Period Day

By Wendy Linscott, '65

I AM sure that all of us have at one time or another joined in the moaning and groaning that invariably greet the news "Tomorrow will be a six-period day." Some teachers try to break the news gently; others seem to take delight in watching students wilt in dismay at the news. The teacher who says in a cheery voice, "I've got good news for you, kiddies, . . . tomorrow is a six-period day!" is especially irritating.

Every week, drastic threats are made by students that clearly show their feelings toward six-period days. Typical threats are: "If there are as many six-period days this week as last week, I'm going to quit school!"; or "One more six-period day and I'll jump from the Dome." As each week progresses, the threats become more and more drastic. Undoubtedly, any student who runs for a class office on a platform that promises abolition of six-period days would be unanimously elected. Since, however, the school authorities take fiendish pleasure in making us suffer, I'm afraid such a promise is impossible.

What is the cause of this widespread hatred of six-period days? Why do students yearn for 7A or 7B days? In the first place, since there are only six periods, each class is a few minutes longer than those of a seven-period day. Although the additional time is not tremendous, it invariably gives the teacher enough time to add another essay question to a test, assign an extra exercise for homework, or call on one more person to deliver an oral topic. I admit I begin to feel very bitter when a teacher says, "Since today is a six-period day, we have five more minutes. That will give Wendy plenty of time to discuss in detail the symbolism found in chapter seven

showing how it is developed in comparison to that in chapters three and four." If it were a seven-period day, I could be saved by the bell.

A and B period days have something in their favor apart from shorter classes. The extra period generally means a study, unless you are one of the unfortunate students involved in the testing, form-completing, career-conferencing, etc., for which the period is designated. Neglected homework is always less formidable if there is an A period in which it can be done. B periods are equally helpful; the more that is accomplished in them, the less has to be done at home that night. Even if you are the type that gets very little work done in "study," the extra period gives you a chance to catch up on letter writing (or sleep) (or gossip.)

Seven-period days certainly have something to say for themselves—nice short periods and often an extra free time. We really ought to have them five days a week, because if tomorrow's a six-period day, I think I'll . . .

Incident

By Gail Brogan, '65

ALL Reader's Digest fans have heard of the Unforgettable Character. The Unforgettable Character is usually a person with toweringly high ideals, uncannily sound advice or enlightening homespun philosophy. It is frequently a burbling, dumpling-faced old maid, an early teacher, or a dignified, righteous benefactor. These people leave in their wake cherished memories, firm ideals, a slightly cloying aftertaste, and sufficient material for \$500 worth of ooze.

I have often wondered if the people who

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leave the strongest impressions are those whom we have disliked or wronged or feared, rather than those who have been vividly sweet or just innocuous. For instance if once, long ago, a sadistic, school bully had broken your nose, you would be likely to remember him. Or if, on a dark, stormy night, a horrid, lecherous troll had pounced out and attempted to gobble you up, you would remember him (in your nightmares, at least) for longer than old Flossie Frump, who dispensed rock candy and spiritual guidance with equal abandon.

I, for one, place particular significance on a person I once wronged. I probably will never meet my Unforgettable Character again, and if I did I probably would not recognize him; I will remember him because he showed me a great personal flaw. One rainy Saturday as I approached the library a slight, red-faced man accosted me, and with a thick accent, inquired the way to North St. Having been directed, he promptly turned and walked in the opposite direction, beside me, and began to talk. Upset by his actions, I paid no attention to what he was very earnestly telling me. My first reaction was surprise and then, immediately on the defensive, I jumped to the conclusion that he was trying to "pick me up." It seemed a fairly reasonable conclusion; I was a young girl and he was a strange young man who had begun a conversation with me on a pretext of asking directions. Quite reasonable, or was it? As he continued speaking, I said, (I hoped politely) "I'm sorry but I have to leave and I really don't understand what you're trying to say." At this his jumble of words halted and he looked at me and said in a peculiarly strained, bitter voice I shall never forget, "No, I don't suppose you *would* understand." With that he left, and left behind him a feeling that advice and kind words failed to achieve, a flash of deep introspection and even deeper shame. What warped vanity or hypersensitive code of propriety prompted me to see only the worst, to think only in re-

lation to myself? To that stranger in the rain I apologize, for lacking understanding, for being so quick to doubt and eager to condemn. I hope somewhere he found the companionship and listening ear he was so desperately seeking. I failed, with this one act, to live up to all that I believed I strived for.

While this incident is neither as wholesome as the old aunties nor as colorful as a troll, he remains my Unforgettable Character. What I did I feel was unforgivable and its lesson, I hope, unforgettable.

The Better Half

By Pamela Blewitt, '64

THE saddest thing about cafeteria division is that the boys miss all the fun. I doubt that there are any lunch tables within the male community where every diner is on a salt-free egg diet and every lunch contains a neatly wrapped wax-paper package of carrot sticks, another trim packet of green pepper slices, and one hardboiled egg, without salt. Again, I doubt that *all* boys get into the spirit of Passover like *all* the girls do, when everyone at the girls' lunch tables reverently munches on great slabs of buttered matzos. And then there are the waste paper battles from which the ladies emerge with wax-paper party hats and chocolate-frosting brooches.

The best part of a girl's lunch is the loudly whispered, heads-together gossip fest. Individuals from every rank and division of high-school life are duly torn apart and haphazardly thrown together again. Boys no doubt have similar jam sessions, but boys could never match the imaginative slashes of their feminine counterparts.

Occasionally the conversation in the girls' sector turns to education:

"Linda, you do page three, I'll do page four, and then we'll trade." or "The test was wicked, but you shouldn't have much trouble; just remember that number one is C, two is D, three is C, . . ." or "Help! Didn't anyone do the Latin translation?"

There are always debates, usually as fore-runners to the waste-paper battles. The girls argue about the date, the theme, the dress, and the after-party of the prom. (This debate began in September and was discontinued and replaced only briefly by the G.A.A. Dance debate.) The skier vs. the non-skier debate is popular during the winter months, and currently a big attraction is the "Who does the least homework" debate. The boys may have parallel topics of discussion, but boys have an uninteresting tendency to rationalize and agree. Girls *never* agree. (Much more fun.) The only subject the girls ever do agree on is that those poor boys are really missing out, and this divided lunchroom is for the birds!

On Essay Writing

By Linda Gitelson, '65

I BELIEVE that before I can write an essay, I must have inspiration. I must be able to write from my heart on those things I feel strongly about. I can't force myself to write an essay without the finished product being dull and stilted. I believe my words must flow out naturally onto paper.

However, it is now Sunday night and I haven't had any particularly brilliant inspirations, (which is the understatement of the year). Against my better judgment, I decide to try to force myself to write my essay. (I shudder even to think about the result?) Over the years, however, I have devised many clever, little methods for writing an essay when I have no inspiration.

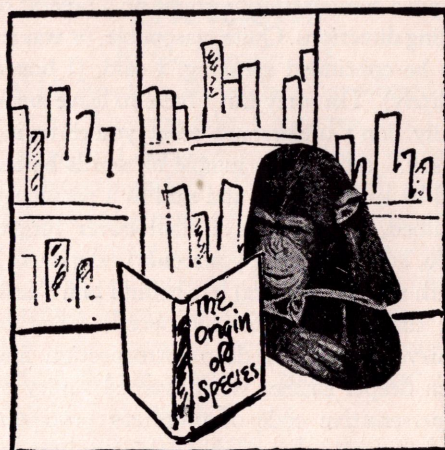
The first way is to write a sentence, stop to rest for a while, and then write another sentence. Pretty soon, I have a whole paragraph written. However, there is one small drawback: there is no unity within the paragraph; the style, mood, and tone of each sentence is radically different.

Have no fear, I do have an alternate way of writing it. I write a paragraph, stop to goof off for a while, and then I write another para-

graph. In no time, the whole composition is written. This way I eliminate the lack of internal paragraph unity. This time, however, there is no unity between the paragraphs of the essay. But I look upon this as a definite improvement. Before, merely the paragraphs were mixed up; now, the whole essay is a mess. I believe if you are going to do something, you might as well go all the way and do it right.

My third way of writing an unwritable essay is to sit down and just keep writing until the whole essay is finished. (By this time, I'm usually pretty finished, too!) My essay now has unity and the tone and rhythm are consistent throughout. Like my other methods, this one also presents a problem. Not all teachers like to read a four page sentence consisting of three-and-a-half main clauses, twenty-seven dependent clauses, and nine misplaced prepositional phrases.

I hope that after reading such heart-tending episodes, teachers will assign fewer essays! Since this is very highly improbable, I will go back to using my old, unreliable methods every time an essay is assigned. (I have a completely different set of methods for plain, old compositions.) However, I will not take a defeatist's attitude—I will keep searching for a new, highly infallible method of writing and someday I will find it. (This too, is highly improbable.)



An End of Tomorrows

By Nancy Dudley, '66

"PLENTY of time tomorrow," he assured her, "I'll do it tomorrow."

"But Guillermo," Elena protested, "if that man isn't paid soon, he'll cause trouble, and that's the last thing we need at Colina Ranchero." Dona Elena looked beseechingly at her husband as he drove the little black rig back to the rancho. She would get her own way she knew, but it would take time, and time she could not get so easily. If only her husband had never heard of the word, "tomorrow"!

"Guillermo," Elena's voice was sweet and beguiling. "Will you let me pay him?" She moved closer to him and slipped her arm through his. "Then you need do nothing but give me the money. Please, Guillermo?" She smiled and widened her eyes innocently.

Guillermo looked at his wife fondly and shifted the reins to pat her hand. "Does it mean that much to you?"

She nodded quickly.

"Well then, all right. If it will make you happy, I'll pay him; but not tonight. Tomorrow will be time enough."

Tomorrow! Ah, well, she sighed to herself. Tomorrow would have to do. She had done her best. What more could she do?

The sun had long since set behind the purple California hills when Don Guillermo and his wife arrived at the hacienda. Torches blazed against the pale stucco walls, and from somewhere within the manor came the melancholy song of a guitar, filling the black night with its murmuring voice.

"Senor Manano? Senor Manano! Por fin! We were becoming anxious for you and the Senora!" A voice squeaked beside a flickering lantern and old Vicente hobbled out of the shadows to take the horse's bridle. Guillermo made no reply, but Elena, taking pity on the old man, smiled into his leathery face.

"Thank you for your concern, Vicente.

We are sorry to have caused you such worry." The old man lowered his eyes and mumbled, with his voice full of adoration, that it was nothing, and hobbled back into the darkness, leading the horse behind him.

"Poor old Vicente," Elena sighed, "I wish you would get someone to take his place. He is too old to work. I am afraid to think of what he does to the horses. Guillermo, will you get someone else?"

Guillermo took his wife's arm and escorted her across the veranda and into the manor house. "We'll see about it tomorrow, darling. Tomorrow."

Elena laughed. "What would you do if there were no tomorrows?"

Guillermo was surprised at such a question. "Why, my darling," he exclaimed after a moment's consideration. "Don't be ridiculous! There will always be a tomorrow! Today is yesterday's tomorrow; and yesterday was another day's tomorrow! Of course there will be more tomorrows!" He smiled at such foolishness. Indeed! An end of tomorrows!

Indeed! thought Elena. There will always be a tomorrow; but will there? Tomorrows had to end somewhere, didn't they? Poor Guillermo, she sighed; my poor, poor Guillermo.

A purple haze covered the valley the next morning, shielding the land from the sun's bright rays; but the work of the rancho continued as always. Maneula, up early as usual, scurried about the kitchen, preparing breakfast for her lord and lady, chattering to the old cat that lay sleeping on the hearth and breathing deeply of the wisteria that bloomed by the door. When she heard the slow groan of the pump in the stable, she wiped her hands and flew out the door to the stable, waking the cat, who yawned, stretched and slept again. As she had hoped,

she found Vicente laboring with the stubborn pump.

"Vicente! Vicente! Guess what I heard last night?" She bubbled over with her secret as she helped him fill the buckets.

"I'm too old for guessing, mi chiquita, so you must tell me. What did you hear last night?"

"I heard Don Guillermo talking last night," Manuela chirped excitedly, "about getting someone to replace you. You will no longer have to fight with this silly pump or pitch hay to the horses. It is wonderful, no?"

Vicente sat down on the edge of the trough to think whether or not it was wonderful.

"Si," he concluded after considerable thought. "It is wonderful indeed. No doubt Dona Elena had a great deal to do with it though, eh Manuela?" Here they both chuckled.

"It is probably so, Vicente. When had Don Guillermo ever decided to do anything today? Senor Manano is well named?" They laughed again, and Manuela scurried back to her kitchen.

"Manuela! Manuela! We are hungry! Why do you tarry?" Guillermo called good-naturedly to the maid and smiled at his wife. "What shall we do today, my sweet?"

"Have you forgotten already, Guillermo?" Elena acted surprised, but she was not really surprised at all. How like him, she thought, to put something off till the very last! "Have you forgotten already that we pay the man today and get someone to replace Vicente?"

"Oh, that." He hadn't really forgotten, but he had hoped she had. "This afternoon we'll do those things; but this morning let's go for a ride. I'm sure the ridge will be beautiful this morning."

"No." Elena said it quietly. "You go for a ride. I have work to do." She rose and went to change. "Manuela," she called, "please have Vicente get my carriage ready. I am going into town."

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Elena fumed to herself as she prepared for the trip. It was

always tomorrow. Never today. It wasn't that he was afraid to do something, or even that he was lazy; but as long as something could be put off until later, he would do so. Sometime, Elena knew, he would run out of tomorrows. Everyone did; but for someone who depended on tomorrow the way he did, the end of tomorrows would be tragic. Poor Guillermo, she sighed. My poor, poor Guillermo.

Guillermo watched her go and made no attempt to stop her, so great was his bewilderment. She had never done anything like it before, and Guillermo was not so sure he wanted her to do it again. What do I do now, he asked himself as Elena's carriage disappeared from sight. He got no answer, he decided to take a ride to the ridge. I'll talk to her about it tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll see about it. He rode off to the ridge.

The hills had turned to gold when Guillermo finally returned. It had been a beautiful day, he told himself, and well worth the long ride. In fact, so great was his pleasure, that he failed to notice Manuela who sat on the veranda steps, her shoulders quaking with low, mournful sobs. When she heard his horse, she jumped up and ran to him.

"Oh, Senor!" She sobbed and wrung her hands. "Oh, Senor!"

Guillermo sprang from his horse, alarmed by her hysterical utterances "Manuela, whatever is the matter."

"It is the Senora, blessed Dona Elena!" Manuela put her hands to her face and continued to weep. Guillermo became frightened and shook her shoulders.

"Speak, woman! What has happened to the Dona?" Manuela, wailing, could not answer. He shook her harder. "Manuela! Tell me what is wrong?"

She lifted her tear-stained face to meet his anxious gaze and her eyes were filled with horror.

"Dead," she whispered. "Dead, Senor."

Guillermo's fear changed to anger. "You're lying, Manuela! Tell me the truth!" He shook

her shoulders til she cried with pain.

"Don Guillermo, I wish I were lying; and I wish the Holy Mother would strike me down for being the bearer of such a message; but I speak the truth! Pilar found her overturned carriage on the road and she was laying beside it with hardly a breath left in her broken body. She said something to Pilar before she died." Guillermo had loosed his hold and now stared horrified at the servant.

"What did she say?" he whispered hoarsely, and his voice trembled. Manuela summoned all her strength to answer him.

"'No tomorrow,' Senor. She said 'no tomorrow!'"

Guillermo's arms dropped numbly to his sides and Manuela darted away, leaving him alone with his sorrow. He sat down on the veranda step and buried his face in his hands. "No tomorrow," he sobbed quietly, "No tomorrow, Elena, my heart! Sweet Mary in Heaven! No tomorrow."

Dona Elena lay in the white satin-lined coffin, in a dress the color of summer skies, with a silver cross about her snowy throat. Her long, honey-colored hair framed her sleeping face, and in her hands had been placed her ivory rosary and a small black prayer book.

It was in this manner that the grieving Guillermo had ordered his wife interred; and when he approached the coffin in the chapel, he crossed himself and looked into her lovely face. It was cold and silent in death, but strangely calm and serene, as if she had found her happiness at last. At the sight of her, Guillermo was frightened, for he realized the fickleness of life and the finality of death. He stepped close to the lustrous black coffin and bent his face close to his wife's.

"Elena," he whispered, "my rose, my hummingbird, open your eyes again. There is a tomorrow, after all." But deep within his heart he heard Elena's soft voice whispering "no tomorrow, no tomorrow."

Guillermo rose numbly when the service ended and walked from the dim chapel. He

had decided to take a ride to the ridge and think about what Elena had said. There had always been something about his wife that he could not understand. It was as if she knew something that he didn't, and no matter how much she loved him, she could not tell him what it was. Perhaps, he thought, she was trying to tell me before she died. No tomorrow. No tomorrow.

"Senor Manano." A voice broke into Guillermo's thoughts.

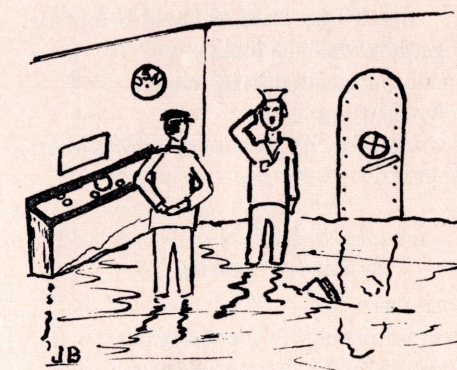
"Yes? What is it, Raimundo?"

"Senor Manano. You must know that I would not bother you at a time like this if it was not for a very important reason; but this is indeed important." Guillermo waited for the very important reason, impatient and annoyed by this little man who dared usurp his time of mourning.

"You see," continued Raimundo, "the cattle must be sold before the prices are lowered. You know how much Colina Ranchero needs the extra money. We must sell the cattle soon; very soon. Tomorrow would not be too soon."

"No tomorrow," whispered Elena, "no tomorrow"; and Guillermo listened, but could not understand.

"Tomorrow, Raimundo. We'll think about it tomorrow." Guillermo mounted his horse and rode off toward the ridge. Plenty of time tomorrow, he assured himself. I'll do it tomorrow. * * * *



Yes sir. Something the matter?

THE UNDEVINE MIND

By John Finn, '65

The ball was a volcanic orb,
annoyed at man—
 it was erupting,
 and boiling,
 and killing him off.
I travelled out—away from the agitation,
Away from the fireball which was the sun.
Out there it was placid,
 serene,
 no man.
Now I was small and insignificant—
Or maybe I was the ultimate importance.
Whether I was seeing infinity, or not beyond
 my nose,
I could not tell.
I did not think about these things.
 I know only that the fire was still angry;
But even with no obstructions, it could not
 be seen.
And I could not tell whether I was small
 or immense.
I would travel till I reached the edge?
 Was there one?
 Would I lose eternity for the sphere?
I wish I could conceive.

THE TREE

By Patricia Horelly, '65

Like a haggard witch
 with her bony fingers extended
 so is the tree
 which I see bare and cold before me.
Strange, how sad she looks—
 a gaunt, emaciated living corpse
 without any hope
 except for the promise of more winters.

MAN

By Patricia Horelly, '65

What is man?
 Steel withstanding the elements
 yet melting at a woman's touch.
 Concrete supporting tons of pressure
 yet crumbling at a child's tear.
Man, thou art mighty in thy weakness.

CITY IN THE RAIN

By Sandi Emerson, '65

The sky darkens;
 fluffy clouds smother the sun.
Sunshine, warmth, and happiness,
 gone.
Darkness, gloom, shadow,
Thunder,
 crashing, louder, louder,
 as if the thunder gods are taking
 vengeance on the world.
A streak of silver flashes,
 flashes a jagged pattern,
 tearing the black velvet sky.
For a moment the world is placed in an eerie
 light.
Darkness.
Rain.
 The heavens open their clouds and pour
 their waters on the tired, dry city.
Rain,
 little drops—
Splish, splash;
Bigger drops,
 Little drops turn to little waterfalls.
Reflections,
 Bright lights jump from giant mirror
 puddles.
Red, yellow, green, blue,
 blinking—
 On, off
 On, off.
Lights, lights.
Rain, rain.
People run,
 run to shelters;
 umbrellas appear,
 white, yellow, green, blue,
 like flowers in a field.

Rain
Rain.

A GREATER DAY

By Diane Curley, '65

Do not laugh because your trick has hurt me
 now.
I will avenge myself though yet I know not
 how.
The stinging rebuke only beckons me to say—
I have awaited and await—a greater day.

PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN

By Linda Thompson, '64

Gee, kids, I guess this is good-bye.
It will be lonely in the world of tomorrow;
I'll miss your smiles and crooked grins.
I think of our parting with sorrow.

But I do not leave with an empty heart—
Years of memories keep it thoughtful and
 young.
I think of the dome—its light has been a light
 in my life.
I think of the way the laughter has chimed,
 the corridors have rung.

Remember it all, my friends and classmates—
The doors close on us now, never to reopen—

Think of it often and keep its memory fresh—
For perhaps we'll meet again.

A CERTAIN TIME

By Diane Curley, '65

There's a certain time of life when things
 are all aglow.
The sky is blue, your heart is gay, each mo-
 ment sparkles so!
You breathe in love, you laugh off hurt, each
 day is lived anew,
And all the joys and wonders leap high and
 beckon you.

There's a certain time of life when things
 are all in tears,
When you question where that love has gone
 —the kiss of all those years.
You doubt your faith and call it false and
 curse it night and day
To think that while you held to hope, it
 gently slipped away.

A certain time for laughter, a certain time
 for pain.
A certain time for sunshine—and yet there
 must be rain.
A certain time in which you take; another
 when you're giving—
Oh, call it Fate or call it Luck—but I shall
 call it LIVING.

EL DORADO

By Diane Curley, '65

El Dorado—beautiful goal that I cannot
 reach,
That I yearn to touch and feel,
A summit that lies too distant;
But my soul insists, is real.

El Dorado—beautiful name for all my hopes
I will never see come true.
And yet, with loving faith I trudge,
My heart trusts in you.

El Dorado—beautiful isle from all life's
 hurts—
Unattainable though you lie.
Your light shines bright—a Paradise—
The dream that will never die.

EVOLUTION

By Eileen Woodman, '65

The sun was out once,
But that was centuries ago.
Today great shadows pass above
And all around they seem to flow.

Our ancestors saw the enemy,
We only know to run.
Someday they will wipe us out,
And then they will have won.

At one time in history
We had a nation all our own.
Day by day we find this new place
More alien and alone.

Our elders tell us
We were once superior and profound.
Days blend into days, while
The water overcomes and surrounds.

The time was right;
Someone screamed, Look!
Today has gone forever; it was too late,
In my mouth I could feel the hook.

GIRLS' SPORTS

SOFTBALL

Softball ended the last of girls' sports here at P.H.S. this year. The girls who participated practiced for several days before the teams were finally picked. The girls chosen for the teams worked hard toward victory but had fun in spite of this work. The gym department hopes that every girl will take part in this enjoyable sport next year.

THE VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAMS

After many weeks of practice, the Girls' Varsity Basketball teams were selected. The weeks that followed produced a very exciting Round Robin Tournament. When it was over, the Juniors ended up on top.

The members of the sophomore team were Barbara Conte, Kathie Conry, Gail Burns, Mary Gilson, Dolores Lancia, Pam Merlet, Linda Procopio, Orrie West, and Eleanor Wyman. The junior team included Patti Johnston, Chris Eulian, Diane Curley, Joanne Cadorette, Fran Duda, Maria Deluskey, Corinne Hood, Paulette Pariselli, Janet Richards, and Linda Ramsey. On the senior team were Lynne Swaine, Maxine Zaiken, Debby Connor, Chris Donaldson, Judy Herberg, Pat Morrissey, Pat Michaels, Elizabeth Nichols, Ruth Pazsit, Kathy Coradeschi, Pat Sheely, Pam Nadeau and Linda Thompson.

BADMINTON

The month of April was ushered in with flying birdies and swishing badminton racquets. The Annual Badminton Tournament got underway with 104 girls participating. The girls were paired off and the gymnasium was the scene of much enthusiastic activity.

After the second week of tourney play, the girls who advanced towards the semi-finals were: J. Richards, S. Quaglietti; C. Styckenski, C. Zarvis; S. Lusignan, B. O'Connell; T. Fugman, S. Gifford; H. Majchrowski, P. Mason; A. Ziemak, S. Jones; B. Conti, C. Eulian; J. Kozeara, J. Herberg; D. Augustine, C. Belland; L. Alessio, D. La Roche; B. Cook, J. Giftos; L. Thompson, R. Pazsit; M. E. Smith, D. Ferland.

THE GYM EXHIBITION

The Pittsfield High School Biennial Gym Demonstration, presented on Friday, March 20, 1964, proved most successful for the directors and the 250 students who participated. The Physical Educational Department diligently worked for two months in order to give this excellent program.

Coach Benedetti and his group of physically fit gymnasts captained by Craig Passe and James Monterosso did an excellent job, often spellbinding the audience with their feats at balancing, tumbling, leaping, and jumping. The audience also enjoyed the humorous clown act. Then, too, all were fascinated by the pyramid formations.

The girls also played a large part in the demonstration. Their acts consisted of tumbling, vaulting, balancing, forming pyramids, and dancing. The cadettes also gave a fine performance.

The gym exhibition was dedicated to Mr. John T. Carmody, former director of physical education at P.H.S. Coach Benedetti presented Mr. Carmody with a sketch of himself. This fine piece of work was done by a sophomore.

The Physical Education Department wishes to thank Jeff Whitehouse, Roy Taylor, Royal Hartigan, and Dennis Najoom for their appreciated contributions to the exhibition.

G.A.A. NOTES

During April G.A.A. held a swimming party at the Pittsfield Boys' Club. Everyone had a splashing good time.

Because the first Co-ed Volleyball Night was such a success, a second was held in May. Though the playing was not professional, everyone had a wonderful time.

The G.A.A. concluded another successful year with its annual banquet. At the banquet Honor Pins were given to a senior, junior, and sophomore who were chosen for their contribution to the organization. The new officers were installed and board members named.

BOYS' SPORTS

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Wrestling became a very popular intramural sport at P.H.S. this year. This was proven by the tremendous interest taken by both the wrestlers and the student body in this activity. A double elimination tournament was held and the champions were: Dom Caparello, 130 pound class; Phil Jacoby, 137 pound class; Brian Kellogg, 147 pound class; Joe Moore, 157 pound class; Mike Massaconi, 167 pound class, Bill Stanhope, 177 pound class, and Dave Reilly, unlimited class. These boys received trophies and are an excellent representation of the 50 boys who took part. Prior to this tournament, individual instruction was given by Coach Redmen in the various escapes, breakdowns, reversals, and pinning combinations. This year's intramural wrestling was an outgrowth of the regular physical education program; however, many students are hoping that the school committee will make the recommendation that intramural wrestling be expanded into an interscholastic sport next year.

Other activities in the intramural program for this spring included softball and a track and field day.

OUR OPTIMISTIC GOLF TEAM

The outlook is good for our golf team this year. Coach Arthur S. Fox is very optimistic about his team; he hopes they can repeat the '62 team's championship in the State Team Tournament. Last year, after a winning streak of ten games, the team placed fourth in the Western Mass. Competition.

Returning to the team are John Dawley, Jerry Moynihan, Ed McConnell, Denny Conry, Brian Conry, Joe Kellar, and Bob Dastoli. A group of fine players is expected from the sophomore crop. The team also hopes for an undefeated season this year. Last year, both John Dawley and Jerry Moynihan qualified for the State Individual Competition at Stoneham, Mass.

Practice started in the beginning of May with practice during the April vacation.

TRACK TEAM HOPES FOR CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON

The track team of '64 promises to be one of the best Pittsfield High has ever fielded. With returning lettermen in practically every event, Coach Benedetti hopes to win the Western Massachusetts track meet this season, after having lost by only a few points in the past two years. Co-captain Phil Caropresso should be a steady winner in the sprints, while Co-captain Art Delusky should continue to dominate the field events. Coach Benedetti is initiating a two-mile run this year to give Pittsfield the experience and depth required to place in the Western Mass. event. Some of the lettermen who will be winning points for Pittsfield this year are Bob Pinsonneault, Mike Rohlf, Len Delmolino, John Hubbard, Billy Hygh, Phil Jacoby, Bob Calderwood, and Henry Andrus. With these veterans and a host of new talent, the Pittsfield High track team should have an excellent season.

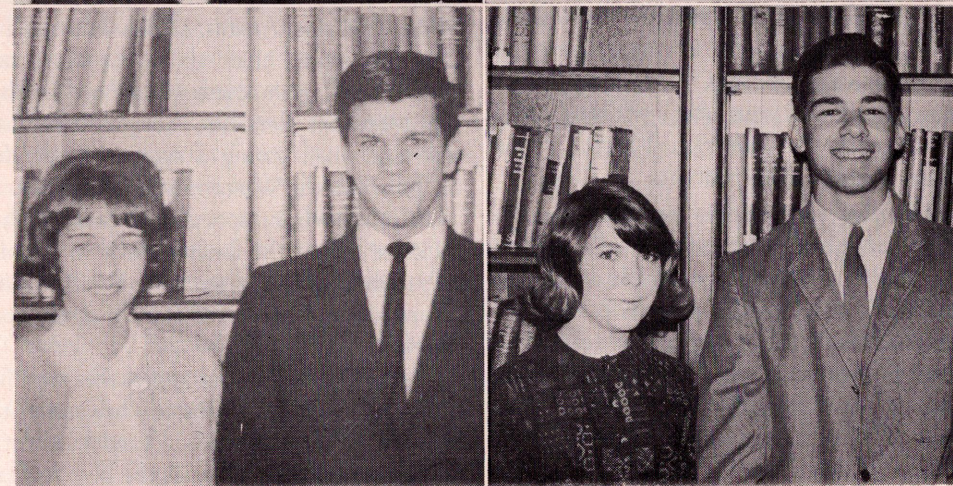
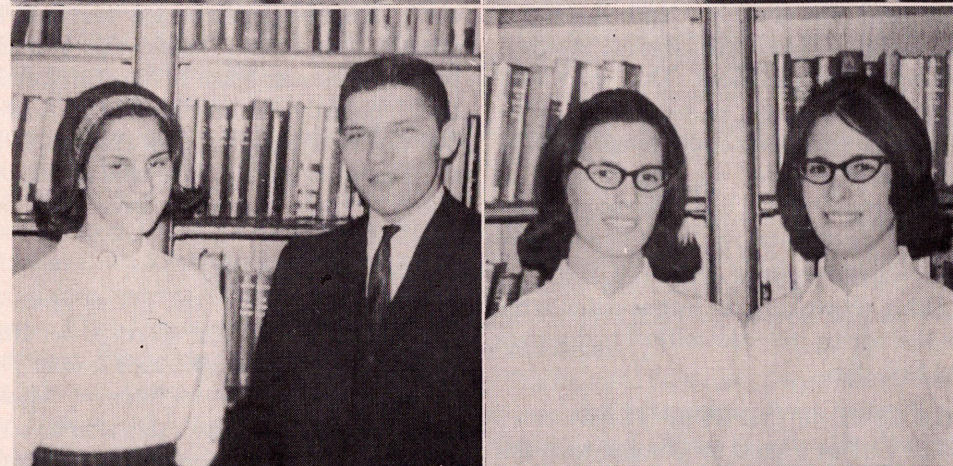
FROM THE STANDS

This past year saw the re-emergence of Pittsfield High as a major sports power after a rather disappointing 1962-1963 season. The football team regained its Western Massachusetts Class A Championship after a year's lapse by downing Northampton, Drury, Wahconah, and Adams. Coach Moynihan's Generals proved their ability to withstand pressure and keen competition by copping the Northern Berkshire League basketball title and then giving a scare to powerful St. John's in the Western Mass. Tourney.

In other winter sports, the hockey team achieved one of the finest records in its history, while the ski team took the Berkshire Interscholastic Meet for the third consecutive time.

As the end of the year approaches we offer our congratulations to the coaches and members of all of this year's varsity athletic teams. In addition we wish the best to next year's teams, and in particular to the new varsity sport, soccer.

WHO'S WHO



MARGARET FRAZITTA AND JOHN LOMBARDI

Here are Margaret Frazitta and John Lombardi, co-chairmen of the Senior Prom.

Margaret has been a homeroom representative for two years and she has belonged to G.A.A. and the Pep Club for two years. In her junior year, "Fuzzy" was a Junior Class Council member and was co-chairman of the Decorating Committee for the Prom.

John Lombardi, a college prep senior, is an active member of the Senior Class. Besides being co-chairman of the Senior Prom, John is a member of the Student Council and is a homeroom representative. He is also a member of the Pep Club.

LOIS SHALETT AND DON HATCH

This year's Class Day co-chairmen are Lois Shalett and Don Hatch. Lois, a College Prep student, is a member of Pep Club, G.A.A. and the Decorating Committee for the Prom.

Don Hatch, a familiar face at P.H.S., has been on the Ring Committee, Lobby Decorating Committee, Banquet Committee and a member of the Pep Club and the Senior Class Council. Don plans a career in veterinary medicine.

RINDY NORTON AND BOB BARD

Meet Rindy Norton, co-chairman of the Graduation Tickets Committee. She has belonged to Pep Club and G.A.A. for three years; she has been a homeroom representative and a Cadette for two, and is presently on the Senior Class Council and the Make-up Committee for the Class Play. Rindy plans to attend Forsyth Dental School next fall.

Bob Bard, a senior in the Commercial Course at P.H.S., is the other co-chairman of the Tickets Committee. Bob has been a member of the Pep Club, Student Council, and the Prom and Ring Committees, and has been a homeroom representative. Last year he was Class President and defensive captain of the football team, and this year is on the Senior Class Council.

AND WHY

PAT GRADY AND KEITH TOOLEY

Meet Pat Grady and Keith Tooley, co-chairmen of the Senior Banquet. Pat Grady is one of our class artists. She is a member of Pep Club and G.A.A. She was on the Decorating Committee of the Junior Prom. This year she was the first attendant to the Winter Carnival Queen.

Keith is on the Class Council, Safety Committee, and track team. He is a homeroom treasurer and a member of the Pep Club. Last year he was on the Decoration Committee of the Junior Prom and this year he is treasurer of Phi-Hi-Y. Keith is in the vocational curriculum and plans to go into the Navy.

PAM AND PAT GLEASON

Pam and Pat Gleason are two very busy seniors. They both modeled in this year's fashion show and they are assistants to their class advisor. They are Cadettes and have been members of the Election Committee in their junior and senior years. As sophomores they were in the Gym Exhibition and have been members of Pep Club and G.A.A. for the past three years.

JANE FARR AND AL CIMINI

"Big things come in small packages," so the saying goes. One could certainly apply this proverb to little Jane Farr. Jane has been a member of the G.A.A. and Pep Club for three years; she is a Cadette. This year she is a member of the Senior Class Council and a homeroom treasurer. Next year Jane will attend the University of Massachusetts' Nursing School.

The Freshman Class of St. Anselm's College will contain one of our P.H.S. graduates next year, namely Al Cimini. This versatile senior has been a member of the Senior Class Council and the Junior Class Council. Al was also a reliable member of the Junior Prom Committee and a member of the Lobby Decorating committee.

OTHER LANGUAGES

SPEECH WRITING MADE SIMPLE

ab M. Tullio Cicerone

How often, when you are forced to compose a speech, do you find the supreme task awaiting you? If so, follow this infallible method for a sure-fire speech.

*Note: This method applies only when one is required to give a speech on the choice of commanders for a war. However, if properly worded it might be used as an acceptance speech for the Nobel Peace Prize.

A. *Exordium*: Completely baffle audience by using a classical but simple introduction. Example: Quamquam mihi semper frequens conspectus vester multo jucundissimus. Also, praise your own efforts, your indispensability—example: Me uno togato duce et imperatore.

B. *Narratio*: A brief introduction to the speech telling of your aims. Example: Ut inde oratio mea profiscatur, unde haec omnis causa dicitur. This section must be brief.

*Note: Do not praise yourself here. Do not say, "Singulari eximiaque virtute."

C. *Confirmatio*: The main body of the speech, to be delivered in mellifluous tones.

1. Give cause (if any). Begin by mentioning audience's intelligence—Causa quae sit, videtis.
2. Importance (this part is especially good if you happen to run for treasurer). Quorum magnae res aguntur in vestris vectigalibus exercendi occupatae.
3. Choice: Now it is permissible to praise yourself; use "Singulari eximiaque virtute."

D. *Refutatio*: Denounce something; sound important. Good adjectives to use are "improbus," "sceleratus," "nefarius," etc.

*Note: Praise yourself: Per me.

E. *Peroratio*: Conclude speech. Tell people to go home (in vestra tecta discedite) and think. End with a choice of the following:

1. Quid est quod jam ad vitae fructum possit adquiri.
2. Quicquam videam altius.
3. Mihi valeat ad gloriam.

EIN GEDICHT

(in der Stunde geschrieben, in der man studieren soll)

von Sue Cullen

Wir haben eine schöne Klasse
Und wir lernen mehr und mehr
Und wenn wir keine Prüfung haben
Freut uns der Lehrer sehr.

Es gibt zu viel Studenten
In einem kleinem Zimmer
Also, wie eine Familie,
Wir helfen einander immer.

Wir tun natürlich lieber
Und am besten was wir wollen
Aber manchmal auch wir können
Was wir auch natürlich sollen

Wir haben gern Emil
Und den Dieb natürlich hassen
Aber Hausarbeit darüber
Wurden wir am liebsten lassen

Also, wenn andere Studenten
Sind fertig zu graduieren
Bleiben wir im Zimmer
Unsere Lehre zu studieren.

EL FANTASMA DE LA GOCHA

La noche estaban tranquila, los árboles estaban murmullos en la brisa suave y la luna del cielo tiraba un luz de fantasma abajo en el campo.

Una figura solitaria fue vista entrar en el cementerio de la Gocha y estaba mirando las piedras sepulcrales consumidas por los siglos.

Se dice que en este cementerio, había un fantasma que vino de la sepultura en las noches iluminadas por la luna.

El vino para buscar su cabeza que los Moros había cortado. Si no la encuentro mataría quienquiera que viera.

La mañana siguiente un cuerpo fue encontrado en el cementerio.

¿Fue matado este hombre por el fantasma o fue matado del oculto?

JUNE, 1964

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PROMETHEUS WIEDER BESUCHT

Prometheus, ein Himmelflüchtling, läuft schnell die Strasse entlang. Er hat eine Fackel in seiner Hand. Er belauft sich auf eine Tur. Als er vor der Tur steht, klingelt er. Ein Mann, der Zeus heisst, Kommt und macht die Tur auf. Zeus sagt „Kommen Sie' rein. Sie sehen mude aus. Sind sie hungrig? Wir werden essen. Hoffentlich können wir Leberwurst essen— deine Leber. Es tut mir leid. Darf ich „Du' zu Ihnen sagen?“ „Ja“ sagt Prometheus. Zeus sagt „Warte mal, ich muss meinen Adler holen.“ „Was?“ sagt Prometheus, „seinen Adler?“

„O, mein Gott. Entschuldigen Sie mich Aber seine Decke ist sehr schwarz weil mein Fackel sehr gross ist. Ich werde sie jemandem geben.“ Zeus sagt, „Nein. Gib mir sie bitte“ Prometheus sagt, „Menschheit, hier ist die Fackel!“ Prometheus wirft die Fackel' raus. Zeus sagt „Prometheus, hier ist mein Adler!“ Der Adler kommt. Zeus ist sehr stolz auf seinen Adler. Aber sein Adler ist mit Zeus nicht zufrieden, weil er Leber nicht gern hat. Er denkt, dass Leber sehr furchtbar ist. Dann sagt Prometheus „Zeus, hier ist Herkules. Er wird deinen Adler toten. Ha, Ha.“ Mann Kann nicht alles ausführen, was man sich in den Kopf setzt.

Les Beatles

En quelques mois seulement les Beatles sont devenus tres populaires d'un bout a l'autre des Etats-Unis. Ils ont gagne beaucoup d'argent. Les disques les plus populaires sont "Je desire tenir ta main" et "Je l'y ai vue debout". Bien que quelques gens les critiquent, les Beatles n'ont pas perdu leurs partisans. On se souviendra longtemps des Beatles.

LATIN CAMPAIGN SLOGANS (1964 VERSION)

- I. Pro Democrat
Tollite Filio Johannis In Anno MCMLXIV
- II. Anti Republican (Conservative)
Decurrite Baca Aurumaqua In MCMLXIV

PRINTEMPS

Printemps—tu es arrive!
et j'accueille ta frivolite.

Au revoir, la poussiere sale dans les rues,
la neige et la froideur trop bien connues.

Les enfants peuvent porter
leurs caoutchoucs comme recommandes
et arriver chez eux
enrhumes et les souliers trempes.

(Vous savez pourquoi? C'est parce que
les enfants prennent leurs ebats dans les
flaques d'eau.)

Printemps—tu es fou
tu me rends folle et
je t'AIME!

LA SIESTA

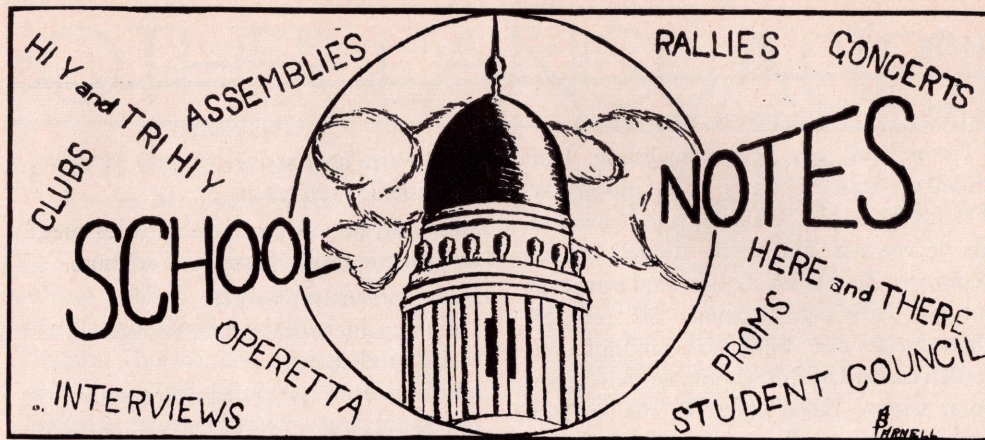
Por mucho tiempo en Mexico, la costumbre de hacer una siesta fue muy popular. Por todas partes an Mexico la gente se levantaron temprano y trabajaron hasta la una o la unasy media de la tarde. Entonces el trabajo pararia y todo el mundo almorzaria y harian una siesta. Adonequiera el mexicano estuviera a esta hora siempre se dormiria. Aunque los tiempos han cambiado mucha gente todavia gozan esta costumbre.

HOOTENNY—ROMAN STYLE

Can you picture the Roman Forum transformed into a surging stage of folksingers extolling and cursing man and his follies? Let's see how it would have been, way back yonder in B.C.

Program:

1. "Quinquaginta Milia Passuum" ab Iulio Caesare
2. "Tres Laeti Aurigae" ab Primo Triumviratu
3. "Haec Terra Est Vestra Terra, Haec Terra Est Mea Terra" ab L. Sergio Catilina
4. "Crudele Bellum" ab Pompeio
5. "Fumus, Magicus Draco" ab Aesone
6. "Michaelis, Remiga Tuam Navem" ab Cleopatra et Marco Antonio
7. "Si Malleum Habuisssem" ab Cicerone
8. "Pende ad Inferum, Dulcis Currus" ab Auriga



L'IL ABNER

On May 9th and 10th the Senior Class of 1964 presented the well known musical, L'il Abner. We commend the chairmen, Carole Tole and Peter Shulze, for their fine jobs. The play was under the able direction of Mrs. Bonnie Portnoy, a member of the Town Players. Her assistant, Miss Gordy, is a new member of the Pittsfield High School faculty. Once again this year the music was under the direction of Miss Alfonse. The following people were chairmen of various sub-committees: Edward Nugent and Barbara Moynihan, tickets; Alan Louzin and Andrea Snell, program; James Wheat and Penny White, publicity; Linda Thompson and William Linder, business; Ted Sloper, stage manager; Doug Malins, lighting; Tim Donley, stage crew; Joan Marco and Carol

Hall, costumes; Mary Jane Callahan and Jane Knight, make-up; Carol Ropelewski, posters; Louise Dorfman and Michael D'Amor, ushers.

The talented cast included Pamela Blewitt as Daisey Mae, Walt Dickie as Abner, George Davis as Pappy Yokum, Carole Tole as Mammy Yokum, John Reagan as General Bull Moose, Sandra Abeles as Sonata Van Cliburn, Ken Collins as Marrying Sam, Al Jaffe as Senator Fogbound, and Mike Horrigan as Earthquake McGoon.

MUSIC NOTES

On April 17, 1964, the School Band, Orchestra and Chorus presented a concert to the public. This was the first Spring Festival given at P.H.S. in several years. The Band and Orchestra were under the direction of Mr. Bournazian. Miss Alfonse directed the Chorus.

On May 17, the Chorus and members of the Harmony Class were guests of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. They attended a concert given by the Conservatory Orchestra and saw the Conservatory itself. In addition, the P.H.S. Chorus attended a rehearsal of the Conservatory Chorus.

On May 23, the Chorus performed at the annual Western Massachusetts Music Festival, at Hadley, Massachusetts. They were rated among the other choruses of this region.

JUNIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

The junior class has been very busy this year trying to make their class "the greatest," just as every junior class before them has tried. This year, however, the juniors have been busier than ever changing some of the old activities and indulging in a few new ones.

Led by James Treat, a patriotic group of juniors spent many hours after school decorating for the rallies as most of the rally decorating was done by juniors this year.

In February the juniors went to the polls and elected James Treat, president; Gene Curletti, boys' vice-president; Pat Johnston, girls' vice-president; Rosemary Brown, secretary; and Bruce Powell, treasurer. The next day the junior class council was elected and a meeting was held soon after to choose the ring committee co-chairmen. Sue Morely and Ray Callahan were elected. At the next meeting Nancy Geoffrion and Jeff Hines were elected co-chairmen of Goodwill. On the same day the council chose Pat Coughlin and Dom Caparello as general co-chairmen of the Junior Prom. In turn Pat and Dom chose the following to head the committees: Anne Selvoja and George Davis, decorating; Susan Carmel and Brian Kellogg, music; Carol Stentiford and Greg Gimblete, house; Pam Beehler and Nick Boos, program; Libby Funke and Kathy Gogan, invitations; Dick Kasucci and Tim Carlo, checking; Alice Brindl and John Dietrich, refreshments; Karen Bonnivier and Mark Morganstein, reception; Joanne Cadorette and John Masouras, tickets; Pete Russo and Kathy Wine- men, publicity.

Then these co-chairmen went to work picking their committees and planning their course of action. After careful deliberation the Decorating Committee and House Committee chose "Moon River" as the theme for the Junior Prom.

About a week later the council chose Wendy Linscott editor-in-chief of the 1965 yearbook. Shortly after, Peter Russo was

appointed editor-in-chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Soon after Jeanne Carmel was chosen captain of the 1963 varsity cheerleaders. The rest of the squad consists of: Michele Sissleman, Kevyn Smith, Kristine Rutka, Karen Wigglesworth, Libby Funke, Cheryl McCormick, Rosalind Walsh, and Chris Styczynski.

SENIOR PROM

"Rome Adventure" is the theme of the Senior Prom to be held June 10th. Under the able leadership of Margaret Frazita and John Lombardy, with the help of the senior class, this prom should be a terrific experience. The following head the various committees: Polly Knox and Art Delusky, decorating; Pat Gleason and Mike Metzler, house; Pat Guzzo, invitation; Billy Main, checking; Jeanne Keir, music; Arlene Jaffe and Ted Sloper, refreshments; Phil Carapresso and Max Zaikin, programs; Ann Savino and Tony Valenti, tickets.

EXCHANGE

We would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to the following schools for exchanging magazines with us: *Red and Black*—Rogers High School; *Silver Quill*—Montgomery Blair High School; *Argus*—Gardner High School; *The Green Witch*—Greenwich High School; *The Soundings*—Staples High School; *The Cauldron*—West Orange High School; *The Tudor Crown*—Tudor Hall School; *The Quill*—Patrick Henry High School; *School Spirit*—David Hale Fanning Trade High School; *The Record*—The English High School; *The Jabberwock*—Girls' Latin School; *Cherry and White*—Williamsport Senior High School; *The Eagle*—Sharon High School; *The Harrisonian*—John Harris High School; *B. U. News*—Boston University; *The Netop*—Turners Falls High School; *Sienna News*—Sienna College; *Trade High Tribune*—Westfield Trade High School.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW . . .

PAM BLEWITT AND WALT DICKIE will be peacefully settled in Dogpatch.

CARYL TUGGEY will be the best folk singer in the U.S.A.

JEFF WHITEHOUSE will be trying hard to speak at a Republican Rally.

DIANNE VINER will be cheerleading advisor and MIKE MASSACONI football coach at P.H.S.

JIM SCULLARY will be a lawyer, still playing both ends against the middle.

CAROL COTE will cause many misplaced trees, telephone poles, and garages.

JUDY WILLIAMS will become a famous tree surgeon in love with her work.

TONY VALENTI will still be trying to pop that question.

CAROL TOLE will be a famous opera star.

LINDA McDONOUGH will deliver her famous oration: "Give me Liberty or give me death."

JOAN MARCO will still be trying to make up her mind.

DONNA BURNS will be the book-conscious librarian at P.H.S.

HOLLY JOHNSON will be Miss Massachusetts or maybe Miss America.

SUE BURCHARD will still be trying to get back into the house.

LISA WHITNEY will be fighting off all her admirers.

PAT QUIRK will be happily married.

CARM PROVENZANO will be a famous poetess, making candy bars on the side.

BOB DECELLES AND ART DELUSKY will be coaching twin basketball teams.

CHERYL MERLET will still be waiting for Lea (or is it Lee?!)

SUS TREPACZ will be a famous chef . . . her specialty—roasts.

SHIRL RUSSO AND DEC WENDELL will be in London meeting some new "bobbies."

LOUISE DORFMAN will be putting Campbell's soups out of business.

AL JAFFE will be in *Who's Who* (in America, that is!)

IDEAL JUNIOR

Girl

HAIR—Libby Funke

SMILE—Sue Morley

EYES—Sue Carmell

FIGURE—Helen Kittler

CLOTHES—Michelle Sisselman

BEAUTY—Libby Funke

BRAINS—Kathie Wineman

SOCIABILITY—Rosemary Brown

HUMOR—Karen Bonnivier

VERSATILITY—Pat Johnston

Boy

HAIR—Mark Morganstein

SMILE—Shane Havener

EYES—Shane Havener

BUILD—Brian Kellogg

CLOTHES—Peter Robbie

LOOKS—Greg Gimblette

BRAINS—Greg Clark

SOCIABILITY—Jim Treat

HUMOR—Jim Nagle

VERSATILITY—Gene Curletti

* * *

What did Ringo say when he cut his nose off?

It won't be long.

What's green and yellow and flies through the air?

Super Succotash.

* * *

PET PEEVES

JEAN CARMELL—Getting wrecked

JUDY CAZEVALEN—Contact lenses

FRENCHIE DALLAVA—the big three

LARRY LEVY—barbers

JOHN MAHANNA—"Robbie"

JIM NAGLE—Elephants

LINDA RICCI—Short seniors

SAM RUSSO—girls with boys' names

ALICE SIMON—running out of money

KAREN SOSIN—Being called a Bostonian

JIM TREAT—Montel

JIM WHEAT—mooses made of gold

KATHIE WINEMAN—Britishers, except one

LORNA SPAULDING—the Chrysler Corporation

NOSTALGIA

When members of the class of 1964 look back into their high school days, what will they remember most about P.H.S.? . . .

JERRY BAZZANO—The girls

BOBBI BOLE—The library ceiling leaking on me

AL CIMINI—separated lunch tables

DANA COLLINS—Our spirited checking lines

CATHY HELPER—Machine shop before home-room

BILL LINDER—The great "silver drainage mystery" in the cafeteria

LINDA LOVEJOY—the fizzie party in study

FRAN MORIARTY—Indefinite detention

RON NUGAI—The cracked walls

SALLY O'DONNELL—The skimpy girls' room mirrors

SENIOR GIRLS—TOMMY GRIEVE

CHUCK SIMONELLI—Basketball . . . what else is there?

JOHN SYKES—Mr. Murray's yellow socks

TREE and DEC—Les and W.

CARYL TUGGEY—going down the upstairs and vice versa

MIKE HERRIGAN—all 42 (or is it 43?)

JEFF WHITEHOUSE—Five years of algebra.

LISA WHITNEY—Junior boys

ALL THE SENIORS—Mr. Hennessy

EQUATIONS

Student + Absence + No Excuse = Mr. McKenna or Miss Cummings

(First Lunch) (Student Body) = Jammed Cafeteria

One Unprepared Translation + you = Your turn to translate

One squirt gun ÷ one student = detention

One student + 6th period study = one student late for homeroom

One history test + One math test + One English test + One Latin test = "Mom, I think I'm coming down with the flu."

One green raincoat and one green book bag = One of the crowd

One madras sports jacket + one clashing shirt = one gentleman (?)

CASEY'S COLUMN

Hi, fans! I guess that summer is affecting all of us in the same way—we can't wait till school closes and the fun begins. To keep everyone occupied (and amused) 'til then, some P.H.S.ites have been doing rather interesting things . . . like Shirley Russo. It isn't everyday that she offers you a piece of gum, so if she does, beware! . . . Jeanne and Danny tied the knot recently in the presence of about thirty witnesses. We saw it all, Phil! . . . Jaff discovered that perseverance accomplishes its end, even if it means listening to Danckert's drums all night. . . . Ricky Vaccaro thinks "bathtub" is a dirty word . . . Paul Brassard, assisted by Barb Cook, is still mixing up the boys' and girls' locker sections . . . Gary Adams is thrilling everyone with his descriptions of his hometown in Maryland. Since seventh grade he's felt a really close attraction to the place . . . I was surprised to discover how many girls aren't anymore! . . . Speaking of the girls, they've dreamed up some wild diets. But I really don't think Kathie has to take her carrots with her *everyplace* she goes . . . I don't believe the Gugenheim appreciates celery very much, . . . Which reminds me—one of our senior girls is trying hard to patch up the differences of opinion between Lee High and P.H.S. Good luck, Cheryl! . . . Bob Bard is awfully quiet lately, after trying to out-talk the girls at a recent party . . . Ricki and Sue are being extra *cautious* lately . . . one senior girl mutters something about getting belt out of her lawn (?) . . . Joan Marco gave everyone a "little" scare . . . Tony and Deci have finally been able to "get off the hook" . . . Pat Grady is still saying her "contractions" for the girls at the desk fifth period . . . And poor Dyan was caught at last! . . . I hate to end this column (and this year) on such a sad note, because it's been great. But, happily for all, I'll be back in September. 'Til then, this is your perennial senior,

Sean O'Casey

Shakespeare and Seniors

"What sayest thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?"

Romeo and Juliet

Translation:

Was your report card that bad?
Al Jaffe

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

King Richard III

Translation:

Dad, I'll do anything if you let me have the car tonight!
Walt Dickie

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

Hamlet

Translation:

New Year's Resolution
Arlene Guginio

"To prison eyes; ne'er look on liberty."

Romeo and Juliet

Translation:

Indefinite detention
Eddy Schorr

"Meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones!"

Romeo and Juliet

Translation:

He didn't look too well after the test.
Pat Sheely

"My good will is great, though the gift is small."

Pericles

Translation:

This may not be a very good paper, but at least I tried.
Mike Horrigan

"I hope I shall have leisure to make good."

Comedy of Errors

Translation:

I hope I can get my term paper done so I can go to the game tonight.
Jenny Congdon

"Words, words, words."

Hamlet

Translation:

I'm sick of vocabulary!
Debby McCarty

"He doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus."

Julius Caesar

Translation:

Don't try to go to your locker early when Mr. Blowe is there.
Jane Farr

"When Caesar says 'do this,' it is performed."

Julius Caesar

Translation:

Yes, Mr. McKenna, sir. Yes sir, right away.
Ellen Guiltinan

"Is the day so young?"

Romeo and Juliet

Translation:

You mean we still have five more periods to go?
Elizabeth Nichols

"There is something in the wind."

The Comedy of Errors

Translation:

What's this I hear about the date for our Maplewoods being moved up?
John Callahan

"Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words that ever blotted paper!"

The Merchant of Venice

Translation:

My third straight deficiency!
Stu Rispler

"The rest is silence."

Hamlet

Translation:

Peter Knott lost his voice!
Miss Verchot

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Diane O'Laughlin—Harry Elafonte!

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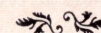
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Ellen Boxer—Librocoli!

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Ray Millard—From climbing rose bushes!

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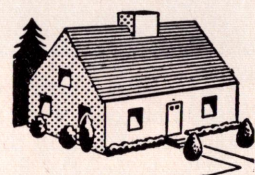
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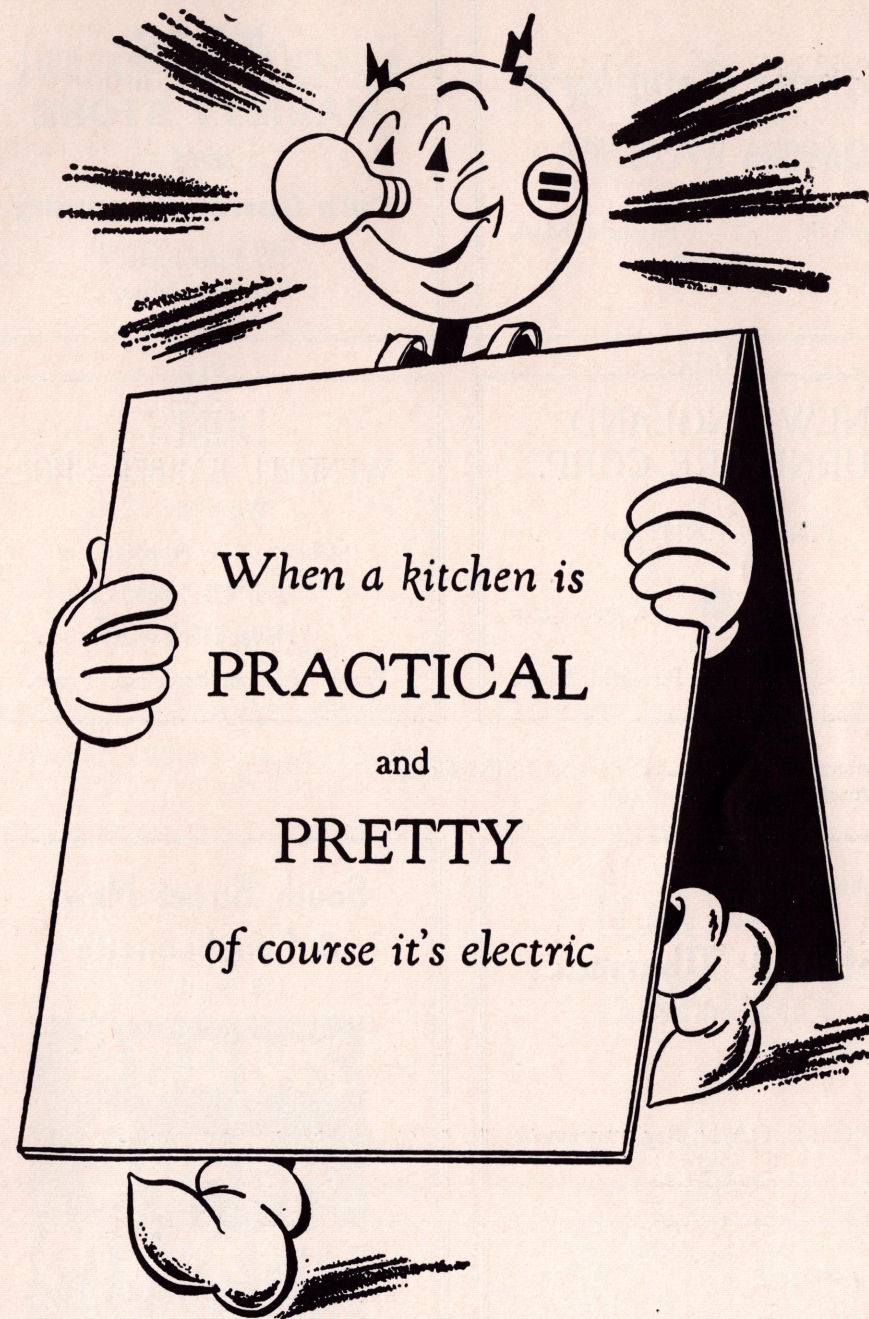
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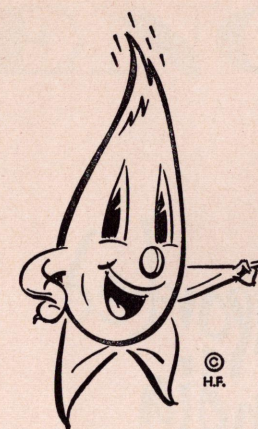


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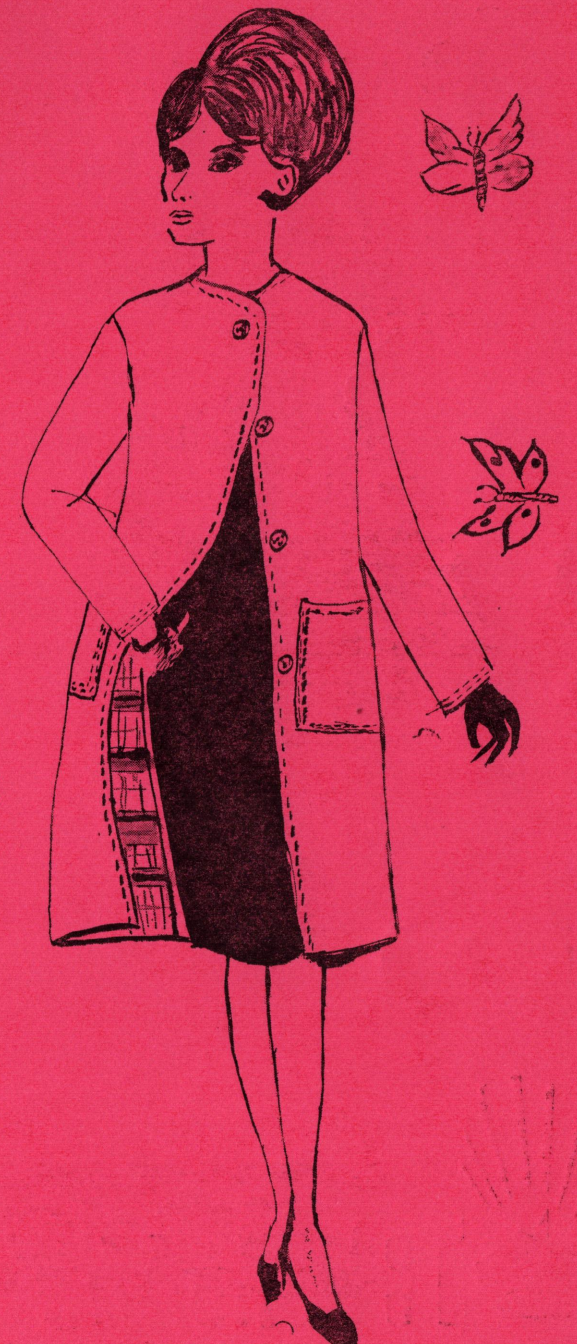
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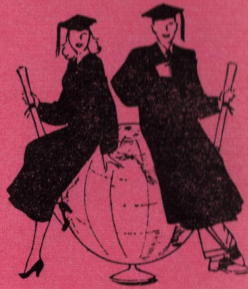
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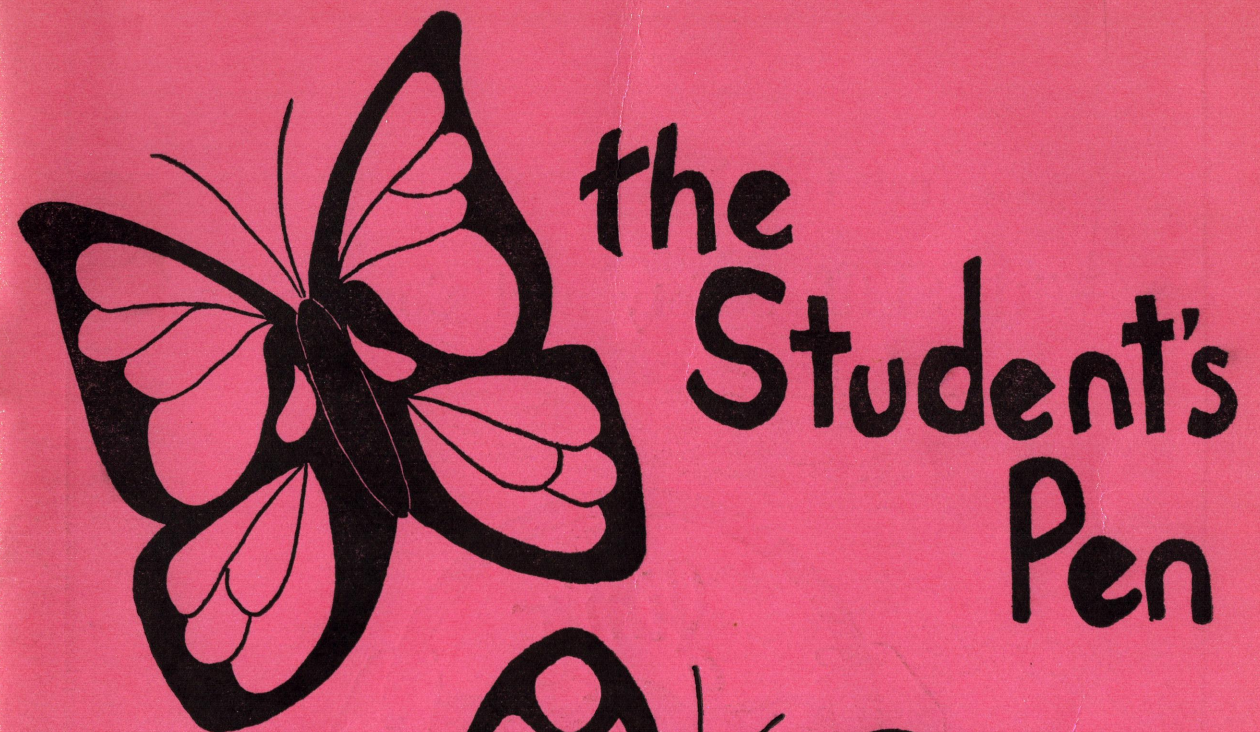
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